Hee made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellow's ſouldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe.
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treed on Kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of Warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For